

The Historie.

Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Goe giddy goose.

The musicke plays.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,
And tis no maruaile he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.

La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouern'd by humors,
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare lady my brache howle in Irish.

La. Wouldst thou haue thy head broken?

Hot sp. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot sp. Neither, tis a womans fault.

La. Nowe God helpe thee.

Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. Whats that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Ladie sings a welsh song.

Hot. Come Kate, ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth. Hart, you sweare like a comfit-
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsbury:
Sweare me Kate like a ladie as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens,
Come sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. Tis the next way to turne rayler, or be redbrest teacher,
and the indentures be drawn ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As *Hot.* Lord Percy is on fire to go:

By

of Henrie the fourth.

By this our booke is drawne, weele but scale,
And then to horse immediatlie.

Mor. With all my hart.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neare at hand,
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it so
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome out of my blood,
Heele breed reuengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of life,
Make me beleue that thou art onely markt
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am chargd withall,
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuilde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needs must heare
By smiling pickthanks, and base newes mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

Kin. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost
Which by thy younger brother is supplide,
And art almost an allien to the harts

Of